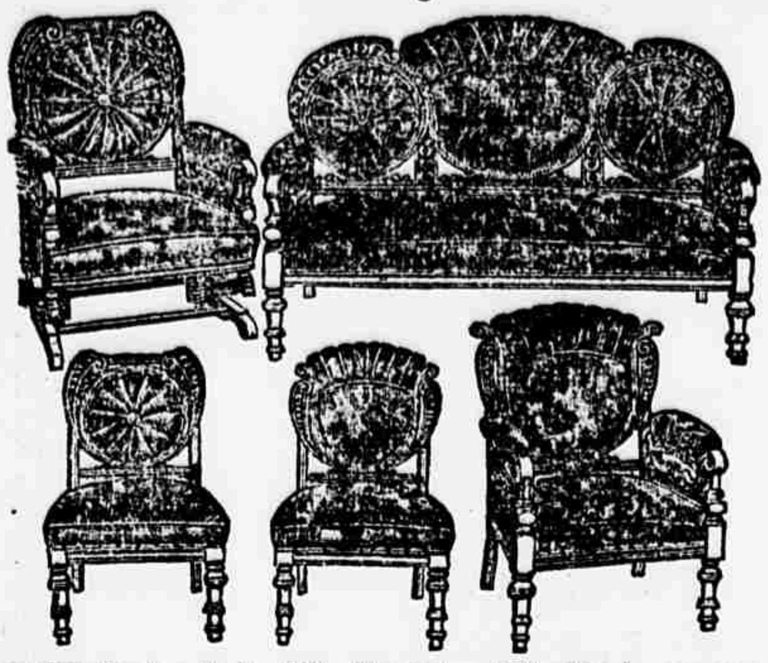
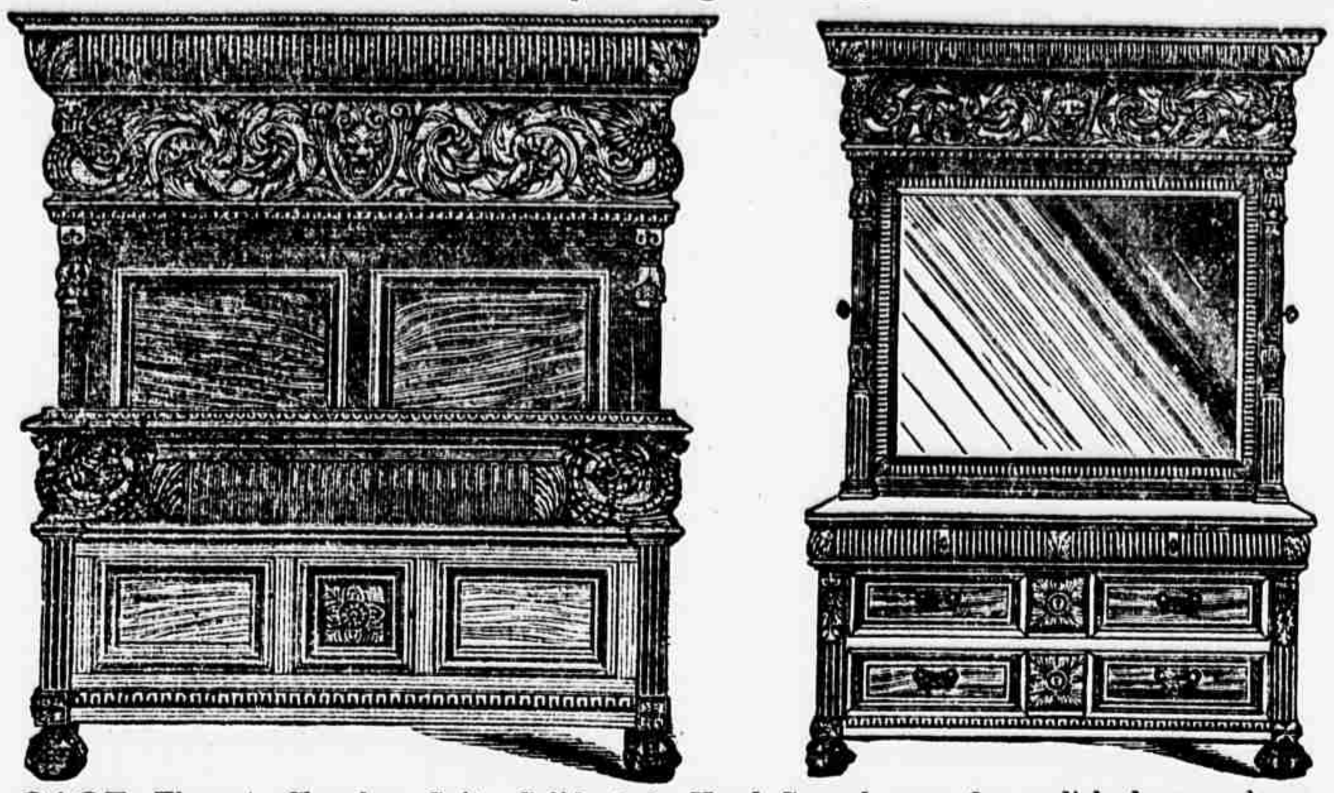
# BROOKLYN FURNITURE CO.'S GREAT SALE THIS COMING WEEK.

**300 Chamber Suits, 200 Parlor Suits, 500 Plush Rockers, 200 Sideboards, 500 Dining Chairs in Cane and Leather, 200 Lounges and Couches, 200 Folding Beds, and other goods too numerous to mention. All marked down in plain figures regardless of cost. We only show a few illustrations in this paper.**

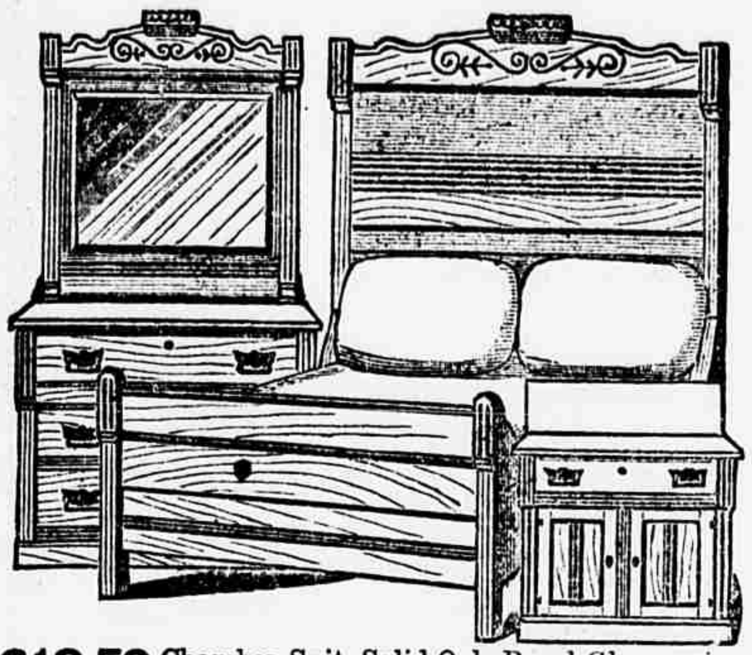


**$67** Parlor Suit, Silk Tapestry, Silk Plush, or any cover you may select; reduced from $100. Number of other patterns.

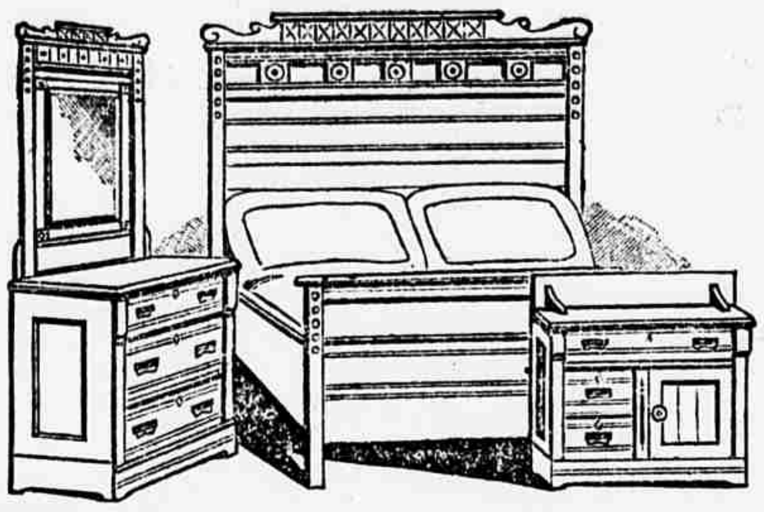


**$165** Elegant Chamber Suit, Solid Oak, Hand Carved, very fine polished, very large French Bevel Glass, first-class in every respect; reduced from $250. Number of other patterns.

**$55** Parlor Suit, Silk Tapestry or Plush; reduced from $75.



**$12.50** Chamber Suit, Solid Oak, Bevel Glass swing; reduced from $18. Number of other patterns.



**$22** Chamber Suit, Solid Oak, Sixteenth Century, large Bevel Glass, polish finish; reduced from $30.

**$5** Rocker, Silk Plush, Oak or Cherry, polished; reduced from $8.

**$18** Reclining Chair, Silk Tapestry or Plush; reduced from $25.

**$85** Parlor Suit, Best Brocatelles, or any cover you may select; reduced from $120.

## BROOKLYN FURNITURE CO., 559 TO 571 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**THE LARGEST STOCK, FINEST DISPLAY, AND LOWEST PRICES OF ANY HOUSE IN AMERICA.**


### BAD FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

**The Interesting Career of Mr. Edward B. Harrington of Idaho.**

REXBURG, Idaho, Oct. 1.—Hanging on the wall behind the bar in Rexburg's only saloon are three pictures drawn with the ordinary black, blue, and red lead pencils for sale in the country stores everywhere. They are copies of pictures published in a New York illustrated paper, but, nevertheless, show considerable skill in the use of a pencil, and are in consequence often referred to with pride by the slick-haired young man who handles the bottles and glasses of the bar.

"They were drawn by Ed Harrington," he says to the stranger. "He drew them while he was in Blackfoot jail." Then a little questioning will bring out the story of the only artist Rexburg ever boasted.

Ed Harrington came here from Utah as a full-grown boy of about 18. He brought with him an ambition to be known as a bad man, and eventually was able to gratify his desires in that respect fully. At that time (five years ago) the region above Rexburg, known as the Teton Basin, was the home of a number of hard characters, as Jackson's Hole, over the range, is now. Harrington cultivated this crowd and was received at once. He located a ranch and began to accumulate stock. It was not difficult to do this, for stock roamed everywhere over the Snake River Valley, but eventually owners began to miss both stock and horses, and then an element of danger entered into the accumulating that simply added zest to the doings of the young fellow. From visiting the ranches of isolated settlers Harrington passed to the robbing of the corrals right on the confines of Rexburg, but so adroit was he in his thefts that the utmost vigilance of stock owners was not equal to capturing him in the act or even to furnish legal proof that he was guilty.

In some communities the ranchmen would not have waited for legal proof; the fact that he had stock without bills of sale would have been sufficient warrant for rounding him up and stuffing his carcass with lead. But this community is a Mormon settlement, and the Idaho Mormons are not given to lynching criminals. Eventually, however, a telltale came to town and offered to guide certain owners to a pasture in the basin where they could find their horses. So a party was organized and the stock found as the informer had said. Then a warrant was sworn out and a constable with a posse sent to bring in Harrington and his associates.

They were told that Harrington was then living with a man named Robert Nickerson, and that another man named Robinson was stopping in the same place. So the posse surrounded the cabin one night, and from suitable hiding places waited for day.

As the sun began to tinge the tops of the Lost River range, forty or fifty miles away to the west, a woman, Mrs. Nickerson, came out of the house and gathered some chips at the wood pile for the morning fire. She soon went into the cabin again, and then Robinson came out with a pail and went to the creek for water. As he stooped over to dip the pail into the pool the posse opened fire, and without even a groan Robinson pitched head first into the water, dead.

Nickerson at first barred the door, but under promise of life and a fair trial came out and surrendered. Then they searched the house for Harrington, but the man they wanted most was not there.

So they buried the corpse and brought in their prisoner, but without éclat or glory. The shooting of even a horse thief from ambush was not well approved in the community, though the character of the deceased and the probability that a desperate fight would have been made had Harrington really been at home was held to be sufficient justification to save the constable from prosecution.

A week later Harrington rode into town, took off his belt, gave it to a friend, and walked unarmed into a store where the constable was sitting. The constable covered him with a revolver instantly.

"I hear you have a warrant for me," said Harrington.

"I have," said the constable.

"Well, here I am. I haven't done nothing, but I want to surrender."

So the constable uncocked the revolver, and tucking it, muzzle to the rear, under his left arm, drew a strip of buckskin from his pocket with his right hand. He had no handcuffs, and proposed to tie the prisoner's hands with the strap.

"Hold your hands together," he said, whereat Harrington grinned, and grabbing the constable's revolver, cocked it and said:

"Hold your own behind you, and do it d——d quick."

Harrington saw so good an opportunity for a lark that he could not let it slip. The constable obeyed and was straightway tied, and then while the spectators looked on and laughed Harrington drove the constable into the street and over to the saloon. Here he offered to pawn him for the drinks, but the saloon man said he wouldn't give a cigarette stub for such a chump, and Harrington treated the crowd and all jeeringly drank to the health of the constable. Then they drank again, after which the constable was exhibited in every business place in town. At last, having had his fun, Harrington agreed to go to Blackfoot jail, provided he could go unfettered, and the constable eventually landed him there.

He had only made a beginning, however. After some weeks Mrs. Nickerson came down to Blackfoot to see her man, and Harrington conceived the idea of breaking jail. It was not so much that he wished to dodge trial as that he wanted the fun of breaking jail. So Mrs. Nickerson came down again two weeks later with two revolvers under her apron. The Sheriff took Nickerson from the cell into the parlor, where Mrs. Nickerson awaited him. Nickerson kissed his wife affectionately, and the next moment held a big six-shooter under the Sheriff's nose.

There was no help for it. The Sheriff had to go into the cell Nickerson had left, while Harrington came out. The Sheriff's wife had been cared for by Mrs. Nickerson meantime.

When the two men were liberated they impudently sat down in the kitchen and ordered the Sheriff's wife to get dinner for them. It was a Sunday, and almost dinner time. The woman did not dare refuse. Curiously enough, and greatly to the delight of the rascals, the County Judge and one of the leading lawyers of the town came to call on the Sheriff while dinner was preparing, and both were taken in and lodged in the cell with the Sheriff.

At last, having finished dinner, the Sheriff's wife was put into the prison also, and then Harrington and Nickerson mounted horses brought by Mrs. Nickerson, and fled over the prairie toward the Tetons, carrying the jail keys with them. It was some hours before the condition of affairs at the jail was discovered by the citizens, and when they did learn what had happened they had to break the jail locks before they could release the imprisoned Sheriff and his wife and friends.

That night Harrington and Nickerson camped with a cattle outfit on the south fork of Snake River, where they boasted of their lark, and were cheered hilariously. But when they had started on their journey for the wilds next morning the cowboys loaded Winchesters and started in pursuit, knowing that a big reward would be paid for their arrest.

It was a brief race over the prairie. The cowboys had fresh horses and the escaped prisoners jaded ones. Seeing they were pursued, Harrington and Nickerson stopped on the further side of a little ridge and then charged back, firing at each jump at the cowboys. They got the worst of it right away. Both their horses were killed under them, while Nickerson got a bad wound in the side and Harrington another in the leg.

At the next term of court Nickerson got six months in the penitentiary for resisting an officer, but Harrington was convicted of highway robbery and sent up for twenty-five years. His ambition to be known as a bad man was at last crowned with success. A few months in the prison, however, changed his ambition. A man with his reputation could not hope to escape and life very quickly became a burden. He determined to turn square—to reform. After three years he applied for a pardon. The people of this county believed in his professions. Besides, they had all along had an admiration for the dash and enthusiasm of the fellow even if it was misdirected. So they signed the petition by the score.

Harrington came back to Rexburg to find that his neighbors in the Teton Basin had administered on his estate. One man had jumped the claim, and the rest had divided his stock. He could have killed the entire gang had he wanted to ambush them, but he applied to the courts for redress. He was warned to keep away under penalty of death, but he guided the Sheriff, who had the papers to serve, and the papers were several times served under the muzzles of wicked-looking weapons. In the end Harrington got his claim and as much stock as he could identify. Then he settled down. That was about a year ago, but Mr. Edward B. Harrington is now one of the honored ranchmen of the region north of Rexburg.

**Asks $2,000 for Sitting On a Tack.**

*From the Philadelphia Record.*

A great many suits have been entered against the Traction Company, but the queerest one of all was instituted yesterday by Otto Kramer, who sues it for $2,000 damages, the result of sitting down upon a tack. The statement which Mr. Kramer makes regarding the casualty is rather incomplete. He found the tack in the cane seat of a car. The manner of finding the tack was simple but effective. Mr. Kramer went into the car and sat right down upon the tack. He probably got right up again, although this fact is not mentioned in the court statement, but the damage had been done. The wound he suffered led to abscesses.

The tack could not have been of the ordinary carpet variety, as it protruded up through the bottom of the seat, and protruded very badly at that. Mr. Kramer did not give the number of the car in his statement, and, therefore, there is no means of knowing, whether that particular tack has been driven back to a place of safety or whether it is still lurking for unconscious victims.

### IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

**Items that Indicate the Progress of the Science—The Frankfort Exhibition.**

The International Electro-Technical Exhibition at Frankfort-on-the-Main is now in full operation, in new buildings that were constructed especially for the purpose. Each of the nine principal buildings is for a definite class of exhibits—engines and dynamos, department of medicine and surgery, telegraphy and telephony, electro-chemistry, railway appliances, electro-galvanism and metallurgy, electric installations and distribution systems, marine station and lighthouse, and electrical navigation. Several workshops have electrical appliances for mechanical work, and in an underground department is an exhibition of electrical machinery for mining and quarrying. The motors aggregate 5,000 horse power. At the electrical exhibition in Munich in 1882 the aggregate of the motors was only 160 horse power. The exhibitors number 493, several exhibitors having exhibits in various departments. Germany has the largest number, the next in order being Austria, Great Britain, the United States, Switzerland, Italy, Russia, and France. The phonograph and the long-distance telephone seem to be the most attractive features for the general public. By telephonic communication with the opera houses at Munich and the Kursaal at Wiesbaden the performances are enjoyed by large audiences.

In Dr. Zerener's apparatus for tanning hides by electricity, as exhibited at Frankfort, the current is alternating, the alternations being about sixty a second. The greater the number of alternations the more favorable is the action. After the removal of the hair the hides are suspended from wooden sticks in a tank of the ordinary solution. The current is applied to two copper or zinc sheets, which are the full size of the tank, and sent through the solution. The time required is about one-tenth of that in which only mechanical methods are used. The voltage is about twenty-two. The theory is that the alternating current agitates the fibres and molecules, thereby allowing the solution to enter and fill the pores of the hide.

The distance between the generating station at Lauffen and the receiving station at the Frankfort exhibition is about 110 miles. The two receiving stations, one for power and the other for light, may be connected for either. The voltage is very high and may be increased to 20,000 volts.

The grating of gearing and the squealing of commutator brushes are some of the objections against electric motors for street cars, and inventors have striven to do without gearing. In a new gearless motor the number of bearings is reduced to two, with only three wearing parts. The armature is of the ring type keyed to a hollow steel shaft which is concentric with the axle of the truck. It has eight field magnets, four on each side, bolted to the framework of the motor, in the centre of which are the bearings for the shaft. A three-armed spider on each end of the shaft has, for each arm, sockets for rubber cushions or springs. The cushions bear on lugs cast on the car wheels, and when the armature shaft and spider revolve the wheels are moved.

In Edison's method of generating electricity directly from carbonaceous material the material is used for the soluble electrode of a generating cell, with oxides, salts or compounds of the elements as active agents, by the decomposition of which the material will be acted upon at high temperatures. Heat is applied externally. The negative electrode is of a substance that, in the presence of carbon at high temperatures, is not attacked to any great extent by the active material. In an iron melting pot a cylinder of carbon rests on a fire-clay brick, and is surrounded by the oxide. The heat fuses the oxide, causes a reduction, and raises the carbon to a temperature at which it combines rapidly with oxygen. The metal is deposited on the sides of the pot. During the oxidation of the carbon an electric current flows through a circuit to a cell.

The date of the discovery of wire insulation has been called into question. It was earlier than 1825. The first discoverers of electricity undoubtedly had to handle wires very carefully in their experiments, and they probably wrapped them in places with some insulating material; but the discoverer of a continuous and adherent insulating coating for the whole length of wire employed is not known at present.

In the Frankfort Exhibition the German engineers favor the use of gears and direct transmission of power by means of shafting, instead of by belts. The widest belt there measures only twenty inches.

In the office of one of the electric lighting companies is a large map of the city, with perforations for each outdoor light. Back of the perforations are sheets of gelatine of different colors for the different companies supplying lights, and by the illumination of lights behind the map the entire number of lights in the city may be seen at a glance. Colored threads indicate the courses of the circuits.

Persons suffering with toothache or tic douloureux may get some relief by wrapping an incandescent lamp in a cloth and holding it against the cheek as a gentle counter irritant.

### SNAPPED THE TRAP ON THE BEAR

**Bruin Lost His Life in His Effort to Get Away from the Honey Hunters.**

SCRANTON, Oct. 10.—Giles and Jonas Potter of Green township went into the Hampton woods one night last month to chop down a bee tree they had marked several weeks before. They found fresh prints of a bear's claws on the bark of the tree, and they decided not to cut the tree down but to set a bear trap between the roots instead. So they left their axes and pails in the woods and tramped to Charles Pollard's place, more than a mile distant, after a trap and some bait.

When they got back to the tree they fastened the chain to a small log and set the trap. Then Giles held the lantern for Jonas to hang the bait against the trunk of the tree. After that had been done Jonas stepped back, picked up the trap, and was about to put it in place when they were both startled by a noise up the tree. Giles held the lantern above his head, and in the dim light the bee hunters saw the outlines of a bear clinging to the bark.

The bear was slowly backing down, and before the surprised woodsmen had time to decide what to do, was within a few feet of the ground. As quick as thought, Jonas then sprang forward with the trap in his hands and pushed the pan against the bear's right gambrel joint. The trap was instantly sprung, the sharp teeth were set into each side of the bear's leg, but the infuriated brute tumbled to the ground and began to bellow and thrash around. It knocked the men heels over head, the lantern was smashed in a twinkling, and for several minutes the bee hunters and the noisy bear were rolling in the dark.

Giles finally got away and started a fire, and Jonas, with nearly all of his clothing in shreds, then ran from the raging bear toward his brother. The bear repeatedly snapped at the trap with its teeth and tried to tear it loose from its leg, whirling round and round in its frantic efforts to remove the cause of its pain. But the trap clung, and the bear made for the men and drove them away from the fire. Then they went to searching for their axes, and the bear chased them, drove them back to the fire, and again sat on its haunches and snapped viciously at the trap, snorting and snarling.

While the bear was attending to its wounded leg Giles stole around in the bushes and got hold of one of the axes. Not daring to face the bear, Giles flung the axe at its head. It cut the tip of the bear's snout off, and the frightened animal ran roaring through the woods as though it had been completely cowed. It had not taken a dozen leaps before the log on the end of the chain got caught between two trees. The bear tore loose from the trap and kept on, and that was the last they saw of it that night. On the following day the bee hunters discovered the bear lying dead in the edge of White's swamp, nearly a mile from the tree. It had bled to death. That night they chopped the bee tree down. From a hole high up on the trunk the bear had scooped out a lot of honey with its paw, but there was over fifty pounds left in the hollow tree, and the men carried it home.

**The Great Jelly Cake Question.**

*From the Chicago Daily Tribune.*

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 5.—The celebrated angel food jelly cake controversy growing out of the recent Sangamon County Fair has finally been settled, so far as the Sangamon County Fair Board is concerned. The directors had a meeting to-day, and mustered sufficient courage to take up and pass upon the important jelly cake question.

After hearing arguments upon both sides the Board decided that the protest filed against the decision of the Awarding Committee was not in accordance with the printed rules regulating such matters, and consequently could not be sustained. The rules provide that in such cases a written statement must be filed and must be verified by affidavit. No affidavits having been filed in this case, it was held that the protest against the award was not made in accordance with the rules, and the Board therefore declined to entertain it.

As might have been expected, the directors have thus sustained the Awarding Committee, and Mrs. Samuel J. Willett, Jr., will get the piano, but they have dodged a decision of the most interesting question involved in the case—viz.: What constitutes a jelly cake? But the ladies of Springfield are making preparations for a congress of cooks to settle such questions, and will soon complete the preliminary arrangements and issue the call for the congress. Mrs. W. E. Shutt of this city, who is at the head of the Committee of Arrangements, is receiving letters from all parts of the country approving the idea of holding such a congress, and the indications are that it will be one of the most interesting gatherings ever held in this city of conventions.

### JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

**The Contest Between the Typhoon and the Stone Giant in Yokohama.**

Wrestling is the leading sport in Japan. In the big cities the wrestling ground is square and surrounded by two roped galleries. Women occupy the upper tier. The ring is about twenty feet in diameter and raised about two feet above the ground floor. It is strewn with sand and surrounded by a double embankment of bags of straw. It is covered by a roof, decorated with lanterns and flags and supported by four slanting red pillars.

A contest between the Typhoon and the Stone Giant in Yokohama was witnessed recently by a correspondent of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. The wrestlers were accompanied by friends and several coolies carrying lacquer boxes containing the costumes for the ring and toilet articles. They are famous wrestlers and were dressed like noblemen. While undressing they talked together in a friendly manner, smoked cigars, and drank imported beer. The ring costume consisted of large silk handkerchiefs with fringed edges tied around the loins. They were immense fellows—solid, broad, and muscular, but not tall. The Typhoon was about 4 feet and 7 inches in height, and the Stone Giant was a little more than 5 feet. Both had straight, thick, jet black hair dressed in the old-fashion style, and the barber had great difficulty in fixing the hair firmly at the nape of the neck. When noblemen, who patronized them, entered the dressing room they jumped up, making the joints crack and stretching their limbs.

At the sound of a drum on the tower at the entrance to the grounds the wrestlers put on velvet aprons and several belts, tokens of former victories. With pendent arms, preceded by the four judges and followed by a file of other wrestlers and several attendants, they entered the enclosure and marched around. The spectators had reached a high pitch of excitement. They shouted loudly, clapped their hands, and wrapped on the balustrades with their fans. After the parade all seated themselves around the ring, the opponents facing each other. Each of the judges stepped to one of the poles and squatted down. The attendants placed a bucket of water and a vessel containing salt on the top of the embankment. The wrestlers took off their aprons and belts, jumped into the ring, and struck many athletic attitudes that caused applause and enlivened the setting.

Refreshing themselves with a drink of water and a pinch of salt, they squatted on the sand, facing each other as a kind of salutation, and then rose with their arms extended and their fingers bent to catch hold of each other. Then they began to stamp the ground and repeatedly rushed at each other to get a firm grip. Stone Giant's only endeavor during the whole fight seemed to be to press down his opponent by his weight, and so push him out of the ring. But the dark olive body of the Typhoon always managed to struggle away from the lump of flesh that threatened to crush him, and he tried to improve his grip at every opportunity. At last he seized his opponent by the leg and made him hop backward. The spectators roared with laughter. They had got near the embankment. Stone Giant once more threw himself on the "dwarf," as he called him, angrily, and almost succeeded in bouncing him over the line. The two judges nearest them stood at the line, for as soon as one stepped over it the match was over.

Typhoon became enraged, but all his twisting, wriggling, pushing, and other tricks were of no avail against the 230 pounds. So they fought for twenty, thirty, forty minutes. Typhoon was getting tired. Several times he was pressed to the ground, and it became more and more difficult to hold each other, as they prespired freely. During all this time their movements had looked somewhat theatrical; it seemed as if they had learned to pose for and exaggerate every situation of the combat. But now they were in dead earnest, and they wished to come to a close. For an instant Stone Giant lost his foothold, and Typhoon, getting all his strength together, lifted him up from the earth and hurled him over the embankment. It was a marvellous acrobatic feat.

The judges rose and the manager pronounced Typhoon to be the victor. The spectators got up from their seats, shouted, and threw presents into the ring. He bowed and bowed again, putting both hands on his knees. Many scraps of paper came flying down from the tiers in which the presents of sums of money were announced and the addresses where he could send for them. Attendants picked them up and Typhoon marched off with his suite.

**A General in Natural Bas Relief.**

*From the Eastern Argus.*

Mr. Albert Worden of Chebeague Island has in his possession a curious stone which he picked up a short time ago. It is light colored. One side is nearly flat and has an outline which represents quite distinctly a General. Darker stones make a good chapeau, and the creases in the rock gives the General shape. Mr. Worden has mounted it in a frame which sets it off to good avantage.

### "WE, THE PEOPLE," MEAN BUSINESS.

**Hard Times in Louisiana for Peddlers Suspected of Helping the Lottery.**

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 10.—A business in Louisiana which had attained to large proportions, but which has been almost killed by the lottery campaign, is peddling. This has been mostly in the hands of the Jews, who, travelling to the small towns in the interior and to the plantations remote from the railroads, have found customers for their wares among the negroes and poorer whites. They did a good business, which seems to have aroused the ill feeling of some of the small country storekeepers. To them the peddlers attribute the report put in circulation in St. Mary, St. Landry, Grant, Lincoln, Claiborne, and other parishes, that the peddlers are emissaries of the lottery, going around to buy up votes.

This story, for which there is not the slightest foundation, has been generally believed by the more bitter opponents of the lottery company, and dire threats have been heard against the peddlers. It was reported, for instance, and published in the newspapers and recited in the campaign speeches, that these peddlers were selling cheap jewelry to the negroes on time, with a tacit understanding that they were not to be called on to pay for it in case the election went in favor of the lottery company. Another story was that the peddlers were selling fancy quilts on the same terms. Although the falseness of these stories has been thoroughly exposed, and a reward of $500 offered for the discovery of any of the alleged lottery peddlers, the story is still believed by thousands. The Jews engaged in this business are having a rough time of it, and say that they find it dangerous to travel in some parts of the State. From one parish, Avoyelles, where they formerly did a large business, they have been warned by the following poster:

> WARNING TO PEDDLERS!
> All Transient and Tramp Peddlers, regardless of Race or Color,
> CAUGHT PEDDLING GOODS OF ANY KIND IN THIS AVOYELLES PARISH,
> After Sept. 1, 1891, will be dealt with in a Summary Manner.
> "We the People" Mean Business.

This warning, reiterated at every street corner, has been sufficient to keep the peddlers away from Avoyelles; but they object strenuously to this on the ground that they have bought licenses to do business in that parish.

They are disposed to attribute the prejudice against them to the country storekeepers, who, they say, recently held a meeting and determined to crowd them out of the country. They have applied to District Attorney Andrews for protection, and will present a petition to Gov. Nicholls asking for his interference, claiming that they are tax-paying and law-abiding citizens, that their business is honest and reputable, and that they ought to be allowed to pursue it peacefully.

Meantime the peddlers seem to appreciate the importance of the Avoyelles warning, and to understand that it is not an idle one, for they all have omitted it from their routes.

**A Pretty Wedding.**

*From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

"It's just a year ago to-day," said she who told the story. "We had been schoolmates, and she asked me to come on an early train and help her and her mother through the day. It was 10 in the morning when I stepped under the thick woodbine that grew about the door of that angular little house on the edge of a New England village. She had a broad hat on, and she said, 'Come.'

"We went out into the pasture land beyond the village and we filled our arms with golden rod and cardinal flowers. Then we walked back to the house and her mother fetched jars and vases and big bowls, and we put our flowers about in the rooms.

"He came by the noon train and she went to the gate in her print dress and her broad hat to meet him. We had a little dinner together, her mother, he, she, and I.

"Then she went to dress and came down stairs again in half an hour in a simple little white gown. It was 2 o'clock when the neighbors began to arrive. She went to the door to meet them herself, and she took the minister's hat and showed the minister's wife where to put her things.

"Then by and by the minister said, 'Are you ready?' And she said 'yes;' and then the two of them stood before the minister, and she put one hand behind her and into the hand of her mother, who sat just there on the sofa. And when the minister began: 'Will you,' she said, 'I will' before he got half through.

"After that she put on a white apron and saw that we all had cake and ice cream. Then when it was time for her to go away she changed her dress again, and we all walked to the railway station to see her started. When the train came puffing up she turned to me: 'Stay with mother till to-morrow, and I'll get a letter to her by that time. She'll be lonely this evening.'

"I never expect to again attend so pretty a wedding."

### PROHIBITION IN MISSISSIPPI.

**Life Imprisonment Threatens a Violator of the Draconian Laws.**

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 10.—Many Mississippi counties are strictly prohibitionist, and the law against the sale of liquor in them is almost as severe as in Maine. A case will soon be tried in Rankin county which will fully test the law and determine, among other things, whether a man may be imprisoned for life for selling whiskey in a prohibition county.

The case is that of Dan Puckett, 24 years old, who ran a "blind tiger" in Brandon, the county seat. He did a good business for some time, but, the place getting too hot for him, he abandoned it and fled to his father's farm in Hinds county. The Rankin Grand Jury determined to break up the liquor business and read a lesson to all who might feel disposed to embark in it by punishing Puckett with the utmost severity of the law, and accordingly found fifty-one indictments against him for offences the penalty for which would subject him to at least 50 and at most 100 years' imprisonment. They might have found more indictments, for they could do so for every one of the several thousand drinks that Puckett handed over the counter; but they concluded that fifty-one would do.

The deputy sheriffs hunted Puckett up, and as he tried to avoid them brought him to terms by filling him with shot. The wounds were not serious, but were effectual in halting Puckett, who was arrested, carried to Brandon and lodged in jail. It was then finally determined not to prosecute him on all fifty-one indictments, but in only sixteen, as this will be sufficient, if he is convicted, to keep him in jail for the remainder of his life.

The case is causing a great deal of interest because there are several other counties situated as is Rankin county and because of the extreme severity of the law. There has been some fear also that the strong element in favor of license in Rankin would make some effort to rescue the prisoner from the officers.


## A BAD HUMOR CURED

**$5,000 Expended on Doctors and Medicine Without Avail—Gave Himself Up to Die.**

**Good Wife Suggests Cuticura Remedies, Uses Them Seven Months, and is Entirely Cured.**

I was in the war during 1863-64, and took a heavy cold at Gettysburg, from which I never fully recovered. In 1875 I broke out in sores all over my chest and shoulder, which seemed impossible to cure. I tried all the famed doctors I could find, and to no avail. I expended some five thousand dollars trying to find a cure, but could not, and finally giving myself up to die, my good wife suggested to me one day to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which were so extensively advertised and used. I followed her suggestion, and am happy to say by diligent application of your CUTICURA REMEDIES for seven months I was entirely cured, after spending five years of time and money without avail, and am a sound and well man to-day. You may refer to me if you wish, as I will tell any one who may call on me my experience. C. L. PEARSALL,
1 Fulton Fish Market, New York.
APRIL 18, 1890.

## Cuticura Remedies

These grateful testimonials tell the story of great physical suffering, of mental anguish by reason of humiliating disfigurations, and of threatened dangers happily and speedily ended by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies the world has ever known.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier internally (to cleanse the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements), and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, externally (to clear the skin and scalp and restore the hair), cure every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, from pimples to scrofula, when the best physicians, hospitals, and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1.00. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, 100 testimonials.

PIM[illegible] and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

**NO RHEUMATIZ ABOUT ME!**

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, muscular, and chest pains. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster.